

き定め、此の晨開きし花の夕べには儚く散るよ。されば、君、な疑ひそ我が言の葉を。摘めよ、君、摘みて集めよ、新たなる若き生命を、その生命花咲ける間に。老いの日來りなば、うつろはん、君が色香も、かの花の如。」(頁195) われわれはここに敏、泣菫、歌之介のひびきを聞くのではあるまいか。

「無限のあらゆる瞬間に、物質のあらゆる原子に、無限のあらゆる点に遍く在さること無き、然り！ 不断の流転に於て恒に一切に他ならぬ靈なる神の意識を、その神格を媒ちとする可見と不可見、地上と天上、森羅万象総てに亘る相互の類同、一致——此の教説、此のイタリアの古き哲学はブルーノに於てその力の極みを發揮し、恰も自然の懷より直ちに成り出でたる堅固強靱なる産物の如く、堂々たる原始の声を挙げて同じき性質の心に呼びかけたのであった。寔に一個の大いなる思想ではあった。……此の古への「汎神論」に、それとは正しく相背向けるが如くに見ゆる信仰の久しきに亘れる支配の時代を距て、復歸せるブルーノは躊躇ふ色も無く「神に於て一切を觀る」ことを以てあらゆる自然研究の目的たると共にあらゆる形而上学的思索の目的なりと主張した。神の靈はいと高きところ万物の上に在すに非ず、元よりその外に立ち給ふにも非ず、正にその内に深く潜みて無數の相に現じ、九千万里を貫き射る陽光にもその光を宿して大氣と化するさすらひの露の玉にも斎しく完全に充てる実在である。」(167～8頁) ここにペイターの描き出したブルーノの姿が窺える。

堀氏はさきにサー・トマス・ブラウンの『医師の信仰』（筑摩書房発行）を訳していて、これも名訳であるが、彼は少数であっても本当の鑑賞的読者を目標とし、和文の古典的美質を維持することを努める翻訳家である。この態度には同意しかねる人たちもあるだろう。しかし筆者は、背伸びしてもこのような名訳を味読しようと試みる読者の多からんことを心から願うものである。ガストンの訳書には詳細な注と広汎なペイター研究とが付してある。従って重要な研究書の一つと考えることができる。

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(佐山栄太郎)

Mitchell A. Leaska, *The Voice of Tragedy*,

New York: Robert Speller and Sons, 1963

I suppose that we have all had the experience, in writing an article, of using our pens as a means of working out our thoughts. We lose our concern with finding exactly the right word and switch instead to letting the words flow from the pen, hoping that in all the verbiage the right words, the right ideas, will

somehow emerge. The method has its dangers, of course—one often finds oneself writing what one doesn't mean at all, or something which tends in the wrong direction, or something which is somehow emphasized in the wrong way. No matter—the rewriting will iron out the inconsistencies, the flat contradictions.

The trouble with Mitchell A. Leaska's *The Voice of Tragedy* is that it too often reads like a compendium of such random, conflicting notes. The initial approach is promising—a survey of tragedy as a genre, beginning in Greece and continuing through Elizabethan England, Neoclassic France and the nineteenth century to modern drama. The tragic genre is surely deserving of such extended examination, and a history which traced its development with consistency and insight would be welcome indeed. However, the clue which could guide one through this labyrinth seems to have been lost. Mr. Leaska's discussions of particular plays or particular writers, when they are not mere irritatingly repetitious returns to his vague basic premise that tragedy results from a "misuse of reason," tend to be fragments with little real relation one to another. First *Hamlet*, then *Macbeth*, then *Lear*—yes, but what is the real thread of argument? It seems that there *must* be such a thread somewhere, but where? The reader is left with what amounts to a series of short essays on particular plays.

The difficulty is compounded by the fact that the individual essays are characterized by no great level of perception or even competence. The section on Eugene O'Neill may be taken as representative. The awkward writing is here—"Born in 1888 in a Broadway hotel, the son of the successful actor James O'Neill, jammed suitcases, railroad grime, and ever-changing faces characterized the dramatist's early life." The factual distortions or misrepresentations are here—to describe James O'Neill, one of the two or three most popular American actors of the 19th century, as merely "successful" fails to give any sense of the strength of his image in the eyes of his son. The misreadings of the dramatic texts are here—Abby's dual role of mother and mistress in *Desire Under the Elms* is said "undoubtedly" to be "unsensed by her"; Abby is surely aware of that duality, however, for she, for instance, tells Eben, "I'll take yew Maw's place! I'll be everything she was t'ye! Let me kiss ye, Eben!" The inflated rhetoric is here, hiding, one suspects, vacuity of meaning—as in "The real drama emerged from each character's basic physical needs and psychic drives, expressed under the stress of environmental forces, giving their relationships psychological motivation and scientific predestination." Perhaps most surprising, there is the avoidance of what

one would expect to be the *piece de resistance*. Near the end of a book devoted to comparing tragedies of different periods and style, and trying to discover that which unites them, Leaska will surely, one thinks, make a great thing of a comparison of the treatments of the Electra story as treated by Aeschylus and O'Neill. In reality, however, the O'Neill trilogy gets two rather short and noncommittal paragraphs, with Aeschylus mentioned only in passing.

The promise of this book's title, subject, and approach is, I'm afraid, largely unfulfilled. Some of the incidental remarks are good, as in the discussion of *Death of a Salesman*, but such valuable remarks are hardly perceptive or frequent enough to make this the book one hopes for.

(C. Lee Colegrove)